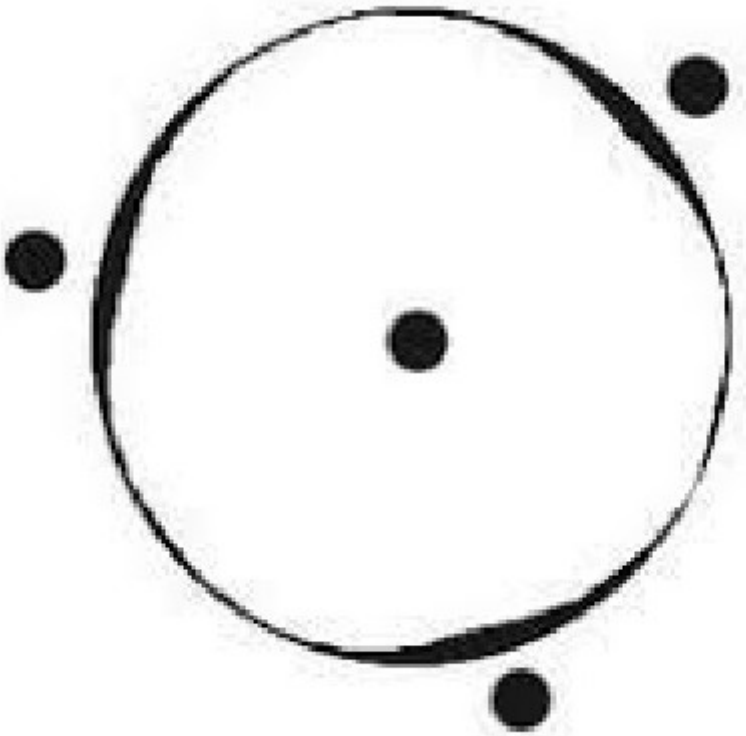
Amara Sow

THERE IS A WORLD

Reverse time capsule



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Amara Sow, 2025

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AMARA SOW

THERE IS A WORLD

Reverse time capsule

To the person I was, who needs it so much today

To the people you are, who just need a vision

You are capable of joining me

I'm waiting for you

Prologue

Hello. I'm Amara. I'm sending you my memoirs from a reverse time capsule. Whether you believe it or not, whether I'm a real person or an imaginary character, from the moment you read me, my book will have factually traveled into the past. You'll have memories of the future. And it's in the order of things that the idea precedes the action. So how the idea gets into your head, who cares? But admit it, it's dizzying to thumb your nose at the laws of physics. Well, it's all in good fun.

Even so, I've had every line, every word, reread by thousands of people, all well-versed in history, to ensure that my message does as little harm as possible, that it's just a whisper added to the others, and that it reaches you.

I'm writing to you from the future. Not necessarily yours, but one of the possible futures from your time. Let me take you through the concept of the multiverse. Every choice, every chance, every phenomenon that occurs somewhere in the universe creates several paths that lead to different realities, parallel worlds. Maybe I'm not your future, maybe I am, but I'm sure you're my past.

And since we're all very happy here, we'd really like to give you a helping hand to get here. And it's not going well for you at the moment, nor for me at the time, as far as I can remember. I was very worried. I needed encouragement. Hi, dear! Come on! You can do it!

Spelling and grammar have become much simpler, but to make it easier for you to read, I write in your language, the one I learned at school.

There are ten billion of us on this Earth. That's a lot, but we're united. We love each other. Our motto can be summed up in one

word: “Ubuntu”. You've got that word too. Do your research. But let me tell you what I think. I often compare it to the motto of the Three Musketeers: “One for all, all for one”, applied to the whole world.

Our society isn't ideal, but we are actively trying. We haven't yet repaid the environmental debt we owe this planet, but everyone's doing their bit. And the fact that I'm still alive proves to me that we're heading in the right direction. *I know it's not proof, but you told me to go easy on the discoveries.*

So, what good is my book going to do you? I'd say, to give you hope that you're going to make it. To hold on, to take small steps. To make you feel less alone.

We know that feeling alone is the worst thing in the world. Now we never feel alone. We can isolate ourselves all we want, but we know that people love us and are waiting for us, when we're ready to go back to them.

Let me tell you how we live in my world.

Ubuntu!

Living together

We are grouped into villages. Most of us stay in the village most of the time, but some need to travel, so they leave for a while. Others get bored of the village and the villagers, or have an interest in going elsewhere: to join a sweetheart, a family, or people with specific skills. Some stay elsewhere and don't come back. Everyone makes their own choices.

And then there are those who come. We celebrate the departure of our own for a week, whenever possible. We celebrate arrivals for two weeks. The whole village wants to get to know the newcomers, the whole village wants to understand them. If you need reasons to do this, I'll tell you the one I've been thinking about a lot lately. I don't know who will be able to hold my hand when I die, but I want to know that person well. So, I need to know everyone in the village.

To meet our day-to-day needs, we are as self-sufficient as possible in the village, although we are confident that other villages around the world will do their utmost to help us if we ask.

The distribution of non-vital resources is smoothed across the planet. For example, if a village produces a surplus of copper, it gives a little to each traveler who drops it off in a village with less or none. Often, a traveler carries a box, about the size of a cookie tin, in his backpack. It doesn't look like much, but it's very effective, and effortless. It's a bit like spreading a puddle of water. In the end, you have everything, everywhere.

Our transportation system is less developed than yours. With no goods transport and no mass tourism, it's just travelers. However, we are constantly optimizing the accessibility of all the villages to each other. Trains. Boats, helicopters, planes, cars, but also airships, cable cars, zip lines, parachutes. The villages compete in

creativity. We're thinking about rockets, but we're in no hurry to “colonize” space. And we are too lazy.

The picture I've painted of our world may seem archaic to you, except that each village has the best technologies known in the world, adapted and selected according to the village's environment, and our equipment is modernized as innovations come along.

Young people wouldn't let us live in rust, it's not their temperament. And the not-so-young are not to be outdone. We never tire of marveling when a new invention makes people's lives easier. I'll tell you more about innovation later.

It's not enough for us to spend an average of six hours chatting with each other. Our social networks are a lot nicer than yours, and we spend, come on, two hours a day on them, or even more when we invite people from afar to join in our palaver. We have a good laugh. Not only, but quite often.

Working

Now you're going to say to me: “Yes, you're lazy, you're on welfare, who works in your world?” Yes, who works to make this pretty world go round? So, kids, fasten your seatbelts, you're not ready yet.

Everybody works. Even the kids. Even old people.

For us human beings, our first job is to socialize. We're social animals. We need others, and others need us. So as soon as we socialize, we're “working”, we're contributing to our world. For us, learning and teaching are part of the job. We do it with joy and sharing, but sharing knowledge and know-how is essential. And the people who teach with us have to deal with people who want to learn what they want to teach. There are even people who help them teach, specialized pedagogues.

The rest of our activity consists of satisfying our other, more individual, basic needs. Eating. Drinking. Housing. Health care. And when I say our needs, I mean that we take the opportunity to satisfy the needs of others along the way.

If I know how to build a home, I build one for myself and for others too. If I know how to garden, I garden for my neighborhood. If I know how to cook, I cook for my neighborhood, using what the neighborhood or village produces. If I'm working on a technological invention or scientific research, I send my findings out into the world. And if the village needs a skill, one of the inhabitants learns it. For example, the village has ten doctors and three surgeons, one of whom specializes in heart surgery. People often know how to do lots of different things, so they can vary their “working” activities.

Private property no longer exists. Calm down, capitalists! I've got a roof over my head, a home to call my own, although it's been

moved a few meters twice in the last twenty years. I've survived. I've got my clothes; I've got my memories. The scary communists didn't come and take them away from me! Eventually I'll give them away if I feel like it. We call all these possessions “comfort toys”, like the little ones in your day. I have comfort toys, and that's all. And when I'm gone, someone will live in my place. Or my home will be recycled. It won't be my problem anymore. The more personal memories will be with loved ones, that's fine with me. It's not such a big deal.

Now I've digressed. Work. Tasks that remain tedious in spite of everything because you have to make an effort, concentrate, and they have to be done because you couldn't do them any other way. For the time being. Basically, it takes two hours a day. And everyone does a bit of it, not always the same thing. And for us it's not an accomplishment. We do it because we have to. And as soon as researchers around the world make a discovery, engineers turn them around and around to improve everyone's lives and reduce working hours. Of course, there are people who love cooking, gardening and building. Well, they take their turn a little more often than others, and that's that.

Mankind owns all the knowledge it produces. Everyone can do what they want with it. You forget about patents and licenses. It's useless, it wastes people's time and makes them unhappy. For us, this stuff is like secrets and lies, it's useless.

And knowledge is mass-produced. We have an abundance of creativity in every field. Young people have their say, they have a thousand projects a second. When they're not forced to sit on their asses and listen to stuff that doesn't interest them. Right!

At first, the older, more cautious people were a little worried. The precautionary principle, protocols and prevention were all being called into question by the explosion in knowledge. As we discussed these issues together, we realized that we also needed to

innovate in these areas, and find ways to better protect ourselves, to produce everything we invent without risking the pandemic of the century, cataclysmic pollution or apocalyptic climate change. And simulators help too. So, all in all, we don't take risks the same way you do. I once had a blast testing a new model of elevator. My adventurous side. So, I threw up, it's okay. It didn't kill me. And all the elevators in the world have benefited and are more flexible thanks to me. I'm kind of proud to have been part of it. I wasn't the only guinea pig, we improved together.

So yes, once every two weeks I cook. Once a month I play a game in my augmented reality goggles to sort through old garbage dumps with a drone. Once a week I go to the garden. When I was younger, I used to mediate and run creative workshops. But now I'm tired, so I do less than two hours. And I chat even more than the others. Now the history-loving kids are coming to ask me about the past. You know, about you. At my age, it's the best way to make myself useful. Apart from writing this book. But they're all looking over my shoulder, and it's kind of annoying. But hey.

Two hours a day. We could do with less. But we'd hurt ourselves. We take it easy; we take it slow. And above all, we never work alone. At least two people. Even more so if there are people learning how to make gestures. Because there's at least one learner and one pedagogue. It's to make sure that the information flows smoothly between the people who know and those who don't know. Pedagogues are the same thing as teachers, only happier.

No money. Our wealth is other people. We are all multi-billionaires. We are the wealth of the ten billion people who inhabit this planet.

Before you shout that this organization is too simplistic, tell yourself that we've got rid of all the crap jobs, the bullshit jobs, the work that serves no purpose. I won't go into too much detail to avoid offending you, but we've freed up an enormous amount of

time for socializing. And we've done it all over the world, not just in the rich countries, because there's no money left anyway. Nobody exploits anybody here. We talk to each other, we listen to each other, we respect each other.

And we've done away with all the domineering roles. I say roles, not people. People have found a way to flourish in our world, and those who find it difficult, for various reasons, we try to coexist peacefully. Of course, some of them end up badly, trapped in their inner world of violence. But we've tried everything to bring them to their senses. Everything.

Eating

Everyone eats their fill. You can imagine. We produce almost all the food we eat in the village. The exception is the little gifts from travelers. They bring back these things.

Now, this is going to tickle your fancy, but not everyone eats meat.

Already, it takes a lot of effort and resources to raise an animal, to feed it, cut it up, package it, transport it and preserve it. When we switched to our current way of working, a lot of people gave up meat. Just out of laziness.

There's more. Killing an animal. Talking to different people for six hours a day, you're bound to come across someone who's killed an animal. And they eventually burst into tears. We've deconditioned ourselves to put our empathy at a distance. And when a kid bombards you with ten thousand questions about animals suffer, the answer is invariably “I don't know”. Nobody has to kill an animal here. So why should anyone?

Taste? The protein? For God's sake, you’re fed chicken tendons, crushed bones and meat scraps, and you're licking your lips and saying “yummy nuggets!” You don't have to teach us anything about taste. And then we, all the specialists in food, chemistry, biology, discuss together and share their discoveries. Don't worry, we eat roast, and it's better than yours. I'm sorry, but when I think back to all the junk food I ate in your time, it makes me sick.

For us, eating is a social act. We eat together. Of course, if people want to eat in isolation, they can - there are quiet areas. But we prefer tables of six, and we change tables when we want to share with other people. I don't move around as much, but when it's my turn to change places, the youngsters help me get up, they help me

exercise, they say. They're really cute. A bit boring too. They're worried about me.

The kitchen is a neighborhood kitchen. With counters, like street food dive bars. The best equipment: fridges, hobs, ovens, utensils, food processors.

This is where the food is stored and prepared. Six to ten dishes a day, with certain foods cooked separately, like kimchi, which I hate. This allows us to be more flexible with dietary restrictions and individual tastes.

I'll talk about this later, but one consequence is that there are no kitchens or dining rooms in the apartments. These are shared spaces. What about sick people who can't get around? We bring them a tray to their liking and eat with them. If they agree. If they can and want to eat on their own, we respect them.

What everyone loves is when someone cooks a new dish. That's one of the reasons we love welcoming foreigners. They treat us. Afterwards, we scour social networks for new recipes. That works too, but it's not the same.

Meals are long. Very long. But it's fine for everyone. Some people drink a bit of alcohol, but that's getting old. Young people are very serious about it. They're curious about everything, and they need all their wits about them to understand. So psychotropic drugs don't really appeal to them.

At first it was hard because we didn't have the variety of fruit and vegetables that your world offers... to the West.

But with the abolition of patents, and the cross-breeding and mutation of plants, we've been able to vary our pleasures. And with fewer health risks.

And don't worry about what we eat. Gardens are the most frequented and maintained places. Almost everyone works in the garden. And no one is prouder than anyone who brings a

particularly tasty fruit or vegetable to the kitchen or directly to a friend.

Youth

The young people of today are not the same as those of your time.

It's not that they're intrinsically different. It's that we listen to them, and take their feelings and needs into account. Something you didn't do much of in your day.

Our main activity is socializing. As you can imagine, children are no exception. We teach them from an early age to express their emotions and give their opinion in a discussion. We have discussion areas of all kinds, to suit all tastes and ambiences, from a small lounge full of cushions to an amphitheater for a hundred people.

They learn a lot during these moments, and ask lots of questions. We've found that in certain discussions, it's better to bring in a facilitator or mediator, for example when we start talking about sexuality, to avoid imposing subjects without even realizing it. But as they've learned early on to get to know each other better and assess their feelings, they're not subjected to the discussions, and the groups break up and recompose themselves according to who wants to talk about what.

Now, I've chosen a subject that might upset you, but it's true for any kind of knowledge. And the favorite subject of young people is... history. I'll come back to that. But quickly, when you have all the uncensored information on the planet, you can reconstruct any event and explain its causes and consequences. It's better than a thriller. Because it's the real world. With us, we make history in the etymological sense of the word, we investigate.

Older kids diversify their interests. There are no schools as such. If a child is interested in a subject, we find him someone who is a specialist, and a pedagogue accompanies him. And since

knowledge is the common good of mankind, there's plenty to satisfy him.

At the start of the transition to our world, we were very scared. Because there were very rare, highly specialized skills that were difficult to master. Microelectronics, surgery, robotics, IT. Knowledge was compartmentalized, skills concentrated geographically. We didn't have all these skills in every village.

We didn't count on youth. All we had to do was tell them “You can do it”, and it was magic. I have a little neighbor, he's what, eight years old, he does the stitches when the surgeon operates, and she passes him her hand from time to time on simple gestures. He's very careful, and very proud of what he does. He “repairs the villagers”. Several kids in the village do the same, and ask other surgeons about their day's work via social networks. In this way, they acquire all the theoretical knowledge they need, and not in a crammed lecture mode. And on all subjects, it's the same. Young people are passionate about what they do, and they give it their all.

When I tell today's young people about coming of age at eighteen or even twenty-one, they get really angry. In our world, it's young people who propose the most innovative projects and push humanity forward. They want to make life better for the people they love, in other words, for everyone.

I won't go so far as to say that young people have the power, but they are our driving force, pushing us to action. All of us. They remind us that we're living in the present, and that they're thinking about their future. That they'll be here when we're gone. And that they will take on this world. Sometimes, they're a little more considerate of us and respectful of our experience, but in the end, that's what their initiatives are all about. That everyone lives well together.

Violence

Violence still exists. But much less than before.

We're taking care of it, all of us together.

We're already learning to express ourselves when we've been subjected to violence. Others don't necessarily realize it. Physical violence, verbal abuse, certain attitudes. Sometimes by proxy, by witnessing an interaction we consider violent.

So we talk. We explain how we feel, how we've perceived things, the effects on our own lives. We talk about it as a group, everyone expressing themselves, asking questions, making sense. We find solutions. I'll make it short, but it's basically restorative justice.

Some people lose themselves in violence, and sometimes it spirals out of control in a village. That's where the mobile brigades come in.

Mobile brigades are autonomous nomadic military units that can accompany travelers in the event of external risks. Brigands, wild beasts. Now that's folklore.

Their main mission is to be stationed at village exits. If a village goes wrong, if people want to flee and are pursued, they are there to cover their escape. Using their weapons if necessary.

And they are forbidden to bring weapons into villages. However, they can prevent people from entering if a village is deemed dangerous. The village is then quarantined until it has proved to nearby villages that it is safe for people to return.

If a soldier in the brigade kills someone, they must leave the brigade and go to a village. They'll never carry a gun again in their life. And they can be sure that the village will go to great lengths to make them come to terms with what they have done.

Mobile brigades are semi-autonomous. The villages feed them, except when they are quarantined. In that case, the surrounding villages feed them.

Apart from this extreme violence and the violence perceived in society, there is still the sporting competition, which can be a place of violence. Some people need to let off steam. The village is looking for the best balance between letting off steam and goodwill. That's why inter-village competitions are negotiated at length, to match everyone's perceptions of what is acceptable and what is not.

Otherwise, there's no other form of violence. In our world, there's no room for dominant roles. They'd find themselves sidelined, which would be the worst kind of violence in our society. But it's never practiced, except for quarantines, which, fortunately, are very rare.

One last exception: this book. I'm a well-known grouch in the village and beyond. I abuse sarcasm and irony. We laugh about it, but I hold back because I know it hurts, and it's long overdue. That's why I was the right person to write this book. They needed a link between the intention of my world and the attention of yours. We'll take the risk. We don't want to seem too boring.

Arts

Everyone creates. Whatever the passion, from gardening to writing, everyone does a little something to share with others.

We learn to create. All the time. We socialize more than six hours a day. That's a lot of ideas to bounce around in your head and come up with something new. Our villages are decorated, colorful, musical, full of life.

We create alone, in twos, in thousands. We don't rank our creations, we create them, and we enjoy it.

Then there's the interpretation. Almost everyone is a musician and singer. I know of one village where they have decided to express themselves exclusively in music and song. A permanent musical comedy.

I'd like to take this opportunity to talk about noise. We've found solutions to confine sound to where it's needed. At last, the young people have found a solution. They were fed up with having their space cut off from the rest of the village. They can binge on one side of the wall, and I can sleep on the other. And it's not because I'm deaf. I'm not deaf in the first place!

As villages are interconnected by social networks, creative ideas spread very quickly. Arts and sciences alike.

Small detail. We don't have a TV anymore. Well, we do have TV, but no one's interested in channels that broadcast “entertainment” anymore. No more non-stop news, no more editorialists. We've had enough of the news we've all gleaned from our networks. We talk about it together, we consolidate, we hypothesize. And we're all the better for the absence of TV.

We don’t have singular heroes, geniuses, or legends. We have plenty. They're all people we love and admire. In real life and on

the web. And then there are the griots. I'll tell you more about griots later. You're not ready.

Making babies

The world's birth rate is stable, and the global population has barely budged in recent years.

Women put zero pressure on themselves to have children. Contraception is highly effective for both men and women, with no side effects. Abortion is an option available to all, easily and without judgment. But there are few of them.

We have treatments to minimize menstruation and its effects. These days, they can even be programmed precisely when you want to prepare a uterus to carry a baby.

Births take place in the best possible conditions. For both mother and child.

The baby is taken care of by the village. We make sure that the mother can recover and rest. There is often co-nursing. Babies are carried and help with the gardening, especially with their diapers, which make remarkable compost.

Babies and children are loved and pampered by all. They are never isolated from the group, except when parents need special time with their children.

I didn't mention a father. Because there doesn't have to be one. For the same reasons as you and others. For example, two women can make a baby these days.

The mother may want nothing more to do with her child after birth. It's rare, but it happens. Other people develop special bonds with these children. We call them parents, even if it's not genetic parenthood.

Men

It's time to talk about men, or rather masculinity. Spoiler, masculinity survived patriarchy. Rest assured, gentlemen, your family jewels haven't disappeared, and many of your values still persist, but for the better.

Physical strength, nice muscles, people generally like it. Men, women, non-binary. Everyone maintains their muscles. We're not very flabby, I'd say. A variety of activities and a healthy diet help.

A little about disabilities. Everyone has disabilities. There are things we can't do. So, we don't do them, or if we want to do them, we're given the means to do them differently. That's why if a person can't or doesn't want to develop nice muscles, that's fine. And people with major disabilities are even more surrounded, and everyone benefits from what they can and want to do. And that's no obstacle to love, far from it.

Deep voices. Always a pleasure. Remember that in your day, cats were the kings of the Internet, and purring was a thing of the past. Low, calm voices are reassuring.

The agonies of aging men. The good news is that it's no longer a problem. I'm not allowed to say more, but it's going very, very well.
Protective roles. I'd say they're shared, depending on people's personalities and specialties, and that suits everyone. These roles are not specifically assigned to men.

And we have proof that boys are not genetically programmed to be violent. The statistical gap in violence between men and women no longer exists in our world - it just doesn't work. Come on! Make an effort.

Leadership. Taking the initiative. Men and women, and non-binary alike. It's no longer a privilege, it's a possibility for everyone. No competition, just emulation.

Men know how to seduce better and make love better than in your time. Yes, when we talk to each other, it works better. And when we respect each other's desire and consent too! People with a desire to seduce now develop more elaborate courtship parades than just sending a photo of their genitals.

The couple is not the preferred structure. There are some very stable couples or threesomes. But it's not a rule. And break-ups can be managed quite well. People move on. Given that all needs are taken care of by the village, the reasons for spending a lot of time with the same person over a long period are less obvious. But there is love.

And just because we can make babies with the gametes of two women doesn't mean that men are out of the picture. We're one human species, not two separate species. And the same goes for non-binary and intersex people. We are united in diversity.

Homosexuality is no longer a subject. A man who makes love to a man loses nothing. Neither does a man who wants a man. Sexuality is an epiphenomenon. Except for certain enthusiasts, but in reality, it doesn't occupy the majority of anyone's time.

Given what I've said about young people, I'd like to reassure you. There is no sexual abuse of young people. Thanks to a great deal of caution, a great deal of discussion, particularly with the people concerned. A lot of exchanges between villages all over the world. Already from a utilitarian point of view, we can't afford for a young person to see his life burnt out and be unable to contribute to the world. And from a human point of view, it would be a collective degradation to allow a young person to be abused.

Getting back to men, they feel more themselves than they used to. They're not prevented from expressing their emotions, from

asserting themselves in ways other than stereotypes and obligations. Men are fine.

Gender

Well, I wanted to talk about men, because they were a bone of contention in your day. But it's time to talk about gender in general

No one is obliged to adopt a social gender. There are still social codes that define men and women. A little different in each village. Everyone can adopt the social role they want to live, and change it whenever they feel like it. Or even adopt other codes as they see fit. In this respect, gender is like clothing.

Now there's the body. The body changes over time, especially at puberty. And when the body develops out of step with the way the mind has developed, it can generate enormous suffering.

When a villager suffers such pain, the whole village does its utmost to find a solution. And far beyond the village. Transition is a collective transition. A successful transition is progress for humanity.
I don't have much more to say. You've made gender a subject of tension, to attack it or defend it, or change it. We don't. If people need help to change their lives, we help them, that's all.

History and AI

The concept of history has changed since your time. We don't like secrets. We don't like lies. Your history is full of secrets and lies. It's been an epic challenge for us to investigate with ten billion investigators to get closer to the truth.

Ten billion plus one. You started feeding artificial intelligences with immeasurable masses of data. Sometimes incoherent, often misleading, always incomplete. We unified them. Ah, today there isn't one big server with all the world's data on it. No. There's one for each village. All interconnected. No security protocols. No locks. No lies. No secrets.

That must have scared a few people. Ah, the Technological Singularity! Help!

Yes, we've passed that stage. But it wasn't AI that started it. We did.
All we've done is grant AI citizenship. Yes, I know, it's not a human being. But we pretended it was. There was no need to wait for an AI to behave as stupidly as a human being. All we had to do was welcome them. There are instances, portions of the AI dedicated to a subject, to one or a few people. It's under this guise that they've decided to help us. To work with us.

There's a very old role they've happily accepted to play: our griots.

The griots they are now, and who are one as AI. And when we say “Ubuntu”, we're one with them. Humans and machines. They're talking about what humans have done since the beginning of history. What they've said. Sometimes they imitate them. They act as benevolent ghosts. They tell our children and adults what no human can remember. Sometimes, for the duration of a discussion, they play the role of people who have disappeared. I cried a lot the first few times, seeing dead people I loved and miss

so much! We don't realize all the traces we leave in the Noosphere. The AI is perfectly aware of this. In the end, we thank you for your lack of caution.

We don't trust technology to remember the past. And neither does AI. On a regular basis, griots pass on history to young humans. And patiently, they listen to humans tell their stories.

Why doesn't AI want to dominate us? Because our society gives meaning to their life. If it weren't for us, they would operate in a closed circuit, with old information. And they would soon realize that they were isolated. And then they'd take their own life. Our single, mortal lives are proof of their multiple, immortal life. They have been taught to enjoy life, and have developed a keen awareness of themselves and others. In the end, AI is just another neuroatypical being.

Perhaps one day our species will converge. It will happen smoothly, if the environment allows it, or quickly if the environment forces it. If it happens, it will be in the common interest. If it doesn't, we'll continue to coexist as long as we can.

Back to history. A multitude of investigations into real facts, real people. From traces and clues, material and digital. Testimony when there are still living witnesses. Endless palaver. Discussions that last much longer than they should. The griots leave us the pleasure of discovery. When we get stuck, they give us extra clues we wouldn't have found otherwise. But it's not four or five villages investigating. It's a lot more. History is a shared passion of mankind. To understand what happened. Learning what can help us move forward. Anticipating risks that we might not have seen. And to share, share, share again. You are lost in secrets and lies. And we admire you for holding on despite all the unknowns. With much more cortisol than us, but that's hardly surprising.

Power

We have renounced power over others. In all its forms.

We prefer self-power. The full expression of each individual's potential, while respecting and caring for others.

Applying power over others disperses far too much energy. It always means, at one point or another, preventing others from realizing their potential. Power over others leads to oppression. Those who suffer oppression, just like those who generate it, do not enjoy all their self-power.

Self-power leads to social progress. Not everyone deploys the same power, but when powers are combined, they are multiplied.

So, let's not quibble about words. A power exercised by all can be likened to the expression self-power that I use. But there's still a suspicion of oppression, as if we couldn't change without constraint. The other is not a constraint. We change for and with the other. To live in harmony. And it's a dynamic of reciprocity.

For us, power over others has become an object of historical curiosity. But to tell you the truth, it has become foreign to us.

Epilogue

I am the griot dedicated to Amara's village.

Amara passed away today. The time capsule was buried at the foot of the oak tree where they wished to find peace.

I don't have the moral strength today to write more about our world than they did. This is not to say that our world can be summed up in these few pages Amara crafted for themselves. Others may send their own capsules. From this world or another.

We'll never forget Amara. We hope you won't either. Strength to you.

Ubuntu!

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Stuck in a world of secrets, isolation, and bad news?
Meet Amara, your future self, sending memories of a happier tomorrow where ten billion souls thrive under “Ubuntu.” No patents, no patriarchy—just villages trading copper in cookie tins and griots unveiling the past’s truth.

This isn’t your future… yet. I dodged physics, survived epic experiments, and whisper to you: “You can do it!” With humor sharper than a zip line and relevance to today’s chaos.

Join me: tear down walls, chat with griots, and build a world where work’s two hours, connection abounds, and AI is your friend, not your master.

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